

Matt

really wanted to do a piece for your book

then on Monday accidentally deleted everything on my bosses hard drive

Tuesday, shredded all his documents

Wednesday, butchered his secretary

It's just been one of those weeks

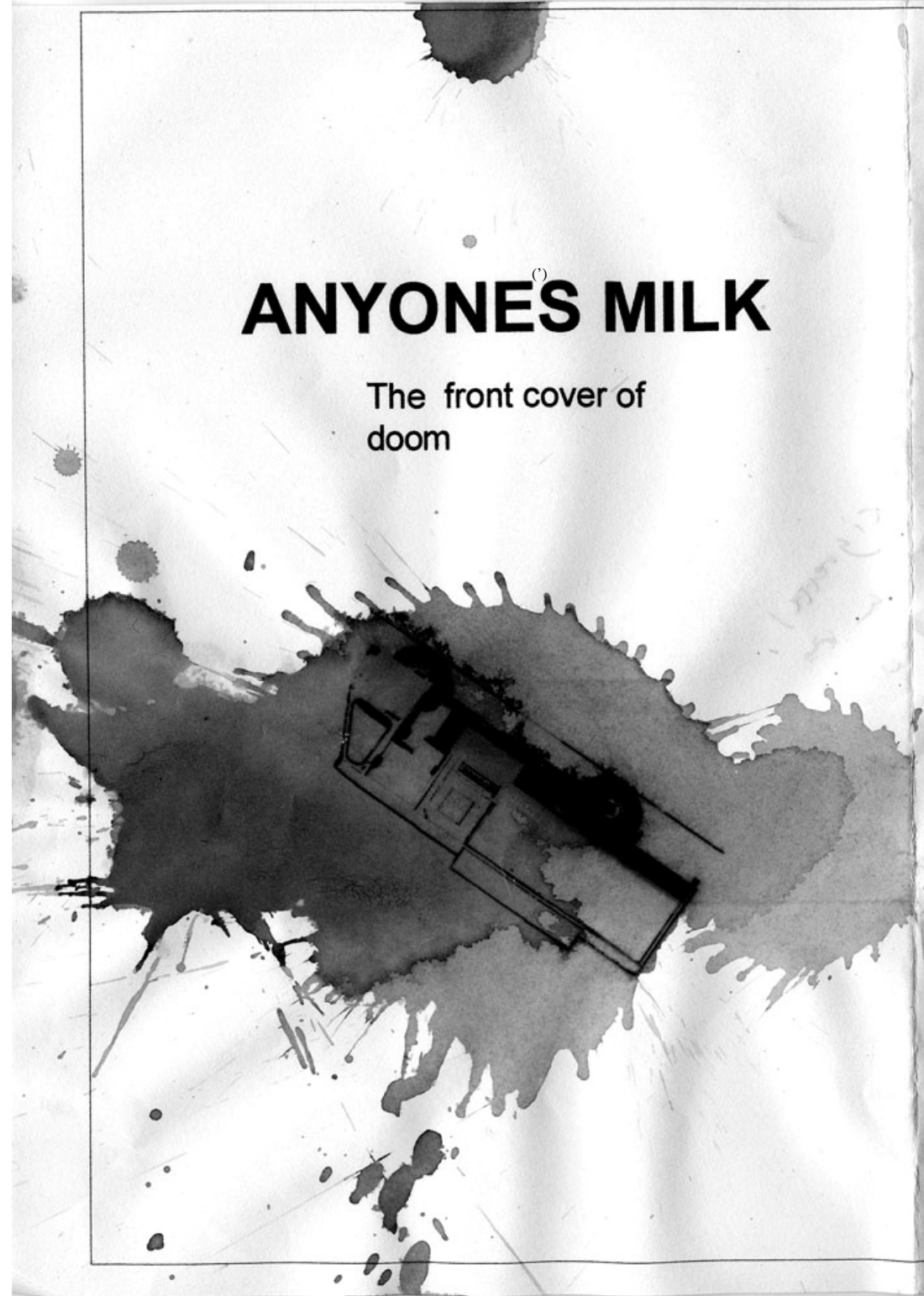
apologies

Steve



ANYONES MILK

The front cover of
doom



From your Secret Admirer

My love for you will never end,
Although you're unaware,
Exactly how I feel for you,
And just how much I care.

I really hope with all my heart,
And pray it comes to pass,
That one day you'll be in my arms...

Valentines card sent anonymously to St.Austell Jobcentre Plus in 2005

...So I can feel your arse!



To All you wonderful ladies at the Jobcentre

Be my Valentine?

I Love you all so dearly
That i miss you when your gone
But i know i'll see you ---day
On the days that i sign on.
So run your fingers through my files
Exercise your powers
I'm available 4u part or full time
Even those unsociable hours
XXXXXXX
XXXXXXX

ACKNOWLEDGE etc.

Many thanks to all the contributors whom each had understood the teats and **udders** warmth.

Sincere apologies go out to **anyone** who has been left out or not able to be credited for images/photos. Every effort was made to ensure the book was accurate. Sort of.

Salutations to **George Hider** and **Chris Gardiner** for interviewing **Alan Johnsons** and **David Andersons**. The **Dada** advert on page 7 was lifted from a copy of **Processed World**— www.processedworld.com

The **Temping Escapades** originated from www.laurasnyctales.com
Northlands boozen and **Lynx** wolf cheers to the Glasgow folk.

PAGE 16: **Jason Walker's** Orange Postman image was borrowed from **Cornish Guardian** newspaper. The 'Work is the Curse...' photo came from the www.trts.com, **Tortoise** band website tour gallery. The library swap service is credited to **Linda Hunkin** at St.Austell Job Centre Plus.

Many thanks to the **civil service** for inadvertent material.

Many thanks to **Elaine Udy** for allowing scanner use plus and photos (p.33).

More of **Stuart Murray** (p. 15,27,32,37) at www.stuartmurray.co.uk

More of **Laurence Elliott** (p. 14) at www.thedaubingsofLaurenceElliott.co.uk

More of **Darren Cullen** (p. 4) at www.spellingmistakescostlives.com

Stephen (sorry!) Steve Jessep for proofreading the first copy. When he should've been working.

Mark Devonshire, in light of his article never turning up, I can credit him to this well placed text message : **The regrets of one who slept on a sofa, fully clothed and reeking of boozers. Notice is handed in, can't be bothered to work. No shoes on, may hide in bookshelf**

ANYONES MILK NEEDS YOU

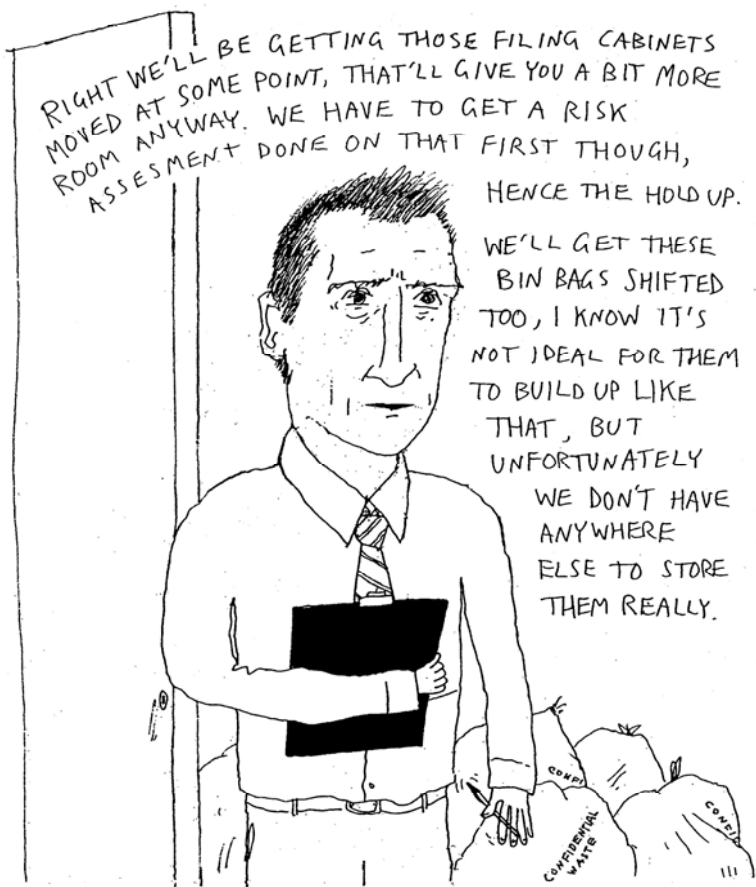
FOR A FREE ONE-OFF ALMANAC-BOOKLET/ MAGAZINE PUBLICATION BASED AROUND AND INSPIRED BY THE IDEA AND PRACTICE OF "WORK, WORKING AND NOT WORKING"

UNEMPLOYMENT, SOLE, CARPENTRY, JOBS, REMEDIATION, BENEFITS, VISAS, NEWS, ADMIN, FACTORY, SMOKE, TIG, TEMPING, HONOURS, NECESSITY, TAX, SOCIETY, WARE, GLASS, VIOLENCE, SUPERVISORS, JOB CENTRES, CONFUSION, SPYTEST, SHOPPER, MISCONDUCTS, SACRIFICES, TIPS, SUPERSTITIONS, MIRACLES AND WORKING ABOUT!

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That arsehole floatin about wae the clipboard.
A fuckin clipboard...
He thinks eez somethin walkin about wae that.
The fuckin sergeant Major. Christ...

Feeling a bit peckerish?

STUNNED Sarah Ellis treated herself to a vegetable quiche at Marks & Spencer — only to find it boasted a cheeky garnish of meat and two veg.

City analyst Sarah, 27, bought the £2.99 flan for dinner with boyfriend Ben Adams.

But it wasn't until financial adviser Ben, also 27, baked it that they spotted three courgette slices looked suspiciously like a man's naughty bits.

Sarah, from Islington, North London, said: "Ben cooked it beautifully. But it was only then, when he took it out of the oven, that we saw what was on the quiche."

The couple tucked in but she joked: "We had to cut it up in such a way that meant we

EXCLUSIVE by IAN KING

weren't put off our food too much." Sarah got the quiche at M&S near St Paul's, central London. The decoration is believed to have been a revenge prank by a production line worker at Hull-based Northern Foods.

Northern — which owns Goodfella's pizzas — also makes own-brand pasties, pies and flans for most of Britain's supermarkets.

And morale is said to be low after Northern bosses announced plans to axe 1,000 jobs and close two factories. Last night an M&S spokesman said: "We always try to give our customers satisfaction."

Sarah's quiche is the latest in a long line of freaky food served up in Britain — like those pictured below.

source: The Sun newspaper Friday 21/01/05 p.27

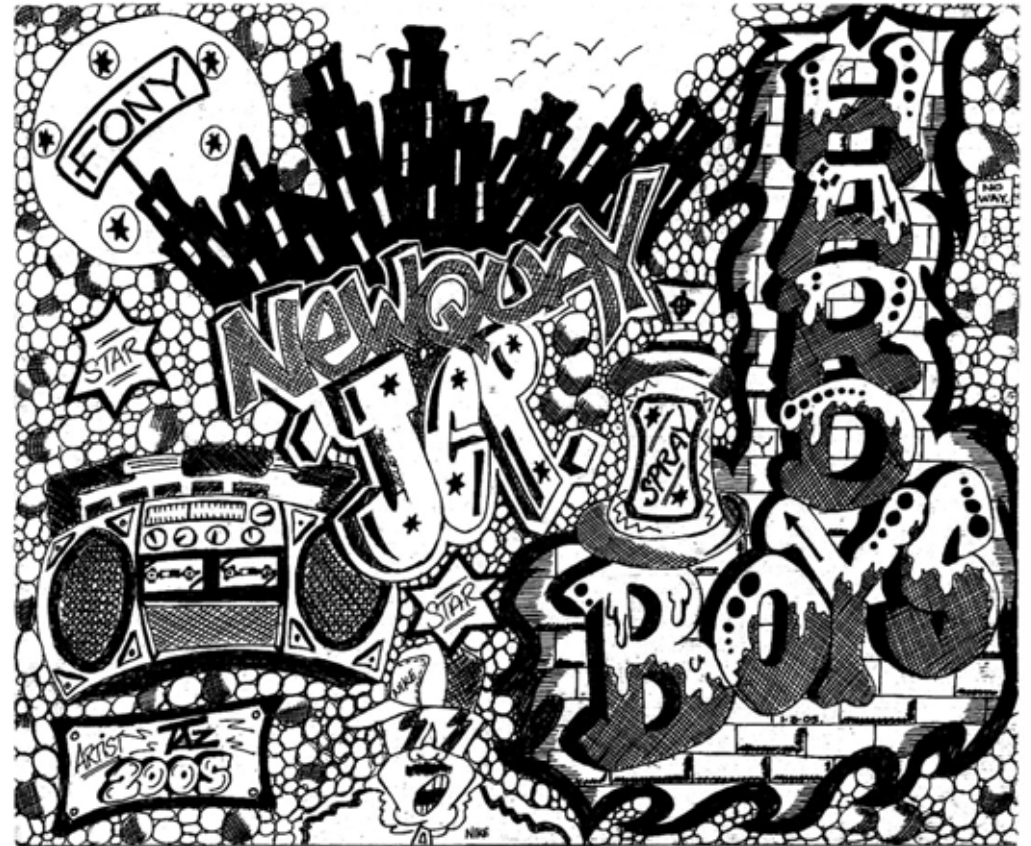
Sainsbury's apologised to Jacky Birch of Newton Abbot, Devon, after a customer services adviser apparently told her to 'shut the f* up'.**

source: unknown

jobcentreplus



WORK PLACE



Dean Biggs

Opposite and above ^
are designs made
through boredom and
an urge to create during
the quiet moments of

working as a security guard. These line-drawings are on double-sided card which was originally used as a rest for visitors that would have to sign in at the front desk of the Newquay Jobcentre Plus. The character, 'Dan' in the drawings is Dan Rayner, whom Dean works with during the day. *These designs by Dean are currently on display with the touring Folk Archive exhibition. www.folkarchive.co.uk*

ART IN THE



Left is a scan of one of Dean's sick note envelope designs. He works for a security firm that covers Job Centre Plus. The Sick Notes, handed in by customers 'on the sick', were collected daily inside brown envelopes to keep them safe near the front desk. To pass the time and keep the brain moving he would draw a different design on each one.



I got up early and went downstairs where I put on the kettle and swore at the toaster. My tea was disgusting and I threw it in the sink followed by a spit and a biscuit which I hadn't been eating but it was just lying there. I slammed the door as I walked out and sneered at the postman.

My bus was late and I kicked the bus shelter. I punched the old man who looked at me. I spat on the pavement. When the bus arrived I jumped on and short-changed the driver and threw a brick in his face. I had to get a different bus because the driver was unconscious and bleeding heavily. The bus that came after got held up in a traffic jam and I huffed and tutted and made disapproving noises continuously.

Someone was reading a paper so I tore it up and threw it out the window. When the bus arrived at my stop I tore up my seat with a knife and told the driver to fuck off. I made sure my shoulder hit off pedestrians as I walked past them, and I kicked the children I pissed in their faces. I turned up the hill towards my office, spitting into the wind so it would hit the people behind me.

I walked through the office doors and brutally raped the receptionist. There was no one around to stop me and so I snapped her neck and ran up the stairs thumping the walls. On the way to my desk I hit the tea and coffee out of everyone's hands and urinated on the windows. I vomited on the work experience boy and kicked him as hard as I could in his balls. I got to my desk and sat down. I fucking hate going to work.



Steve and Rob are joint managers at the shoe repair and engravers in St. Austell. The moving model that sits in the window is called by the company 'Jack Hammer', Steve and Rob call him 'Nodding Cobbler'. Someone stole the glasses from his head and ripped the hair off leaving it on the floor. Steve and Rob "blagged" an expensive pair of display frames from a nearby optician to replace them. When they came to put the hair back on, they decided to make it a mohawk. 2005

a collection of creative voices



The true source of the above is unknown. It sits on top of the chimney of an on-garage house extension at a house in New Malden, Surrey. The first suggestions were that it was 'alien' or excrement thrown out of an aeroplane. The most logical theory was that it had been placed using the head from a mop, used to spread tar over the flat roof when the extension was built. A present left deliberately by whoever did the work. 2003



Knitted duck placed on a Pictionary Champion trophy. This was found on top of a filing cabinet at the Inland Revenue office in St.Austell. A spokesperson claimed: 'a lady knitted these and filled them with chocolate eggs to sell for charity.'

WHAT

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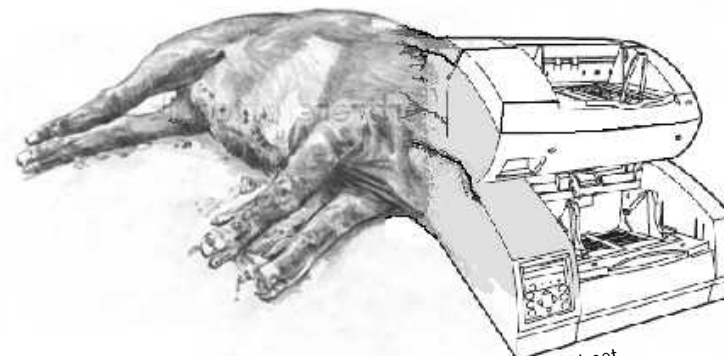


Amuse the self you inside you...

on office PCs; when you find Windows solitaire has been 'removed'...remember MSPaint usually hasn't. Try and create the solitaire screen in Paint. Also use Windows MovieMaker or Powerpoint with image files to create makeshift animations etc.

Don't cry over internet filtering; there's plenty of stuff to waste with.

Send your stuff to
milkeditor@yahoo.co.uk



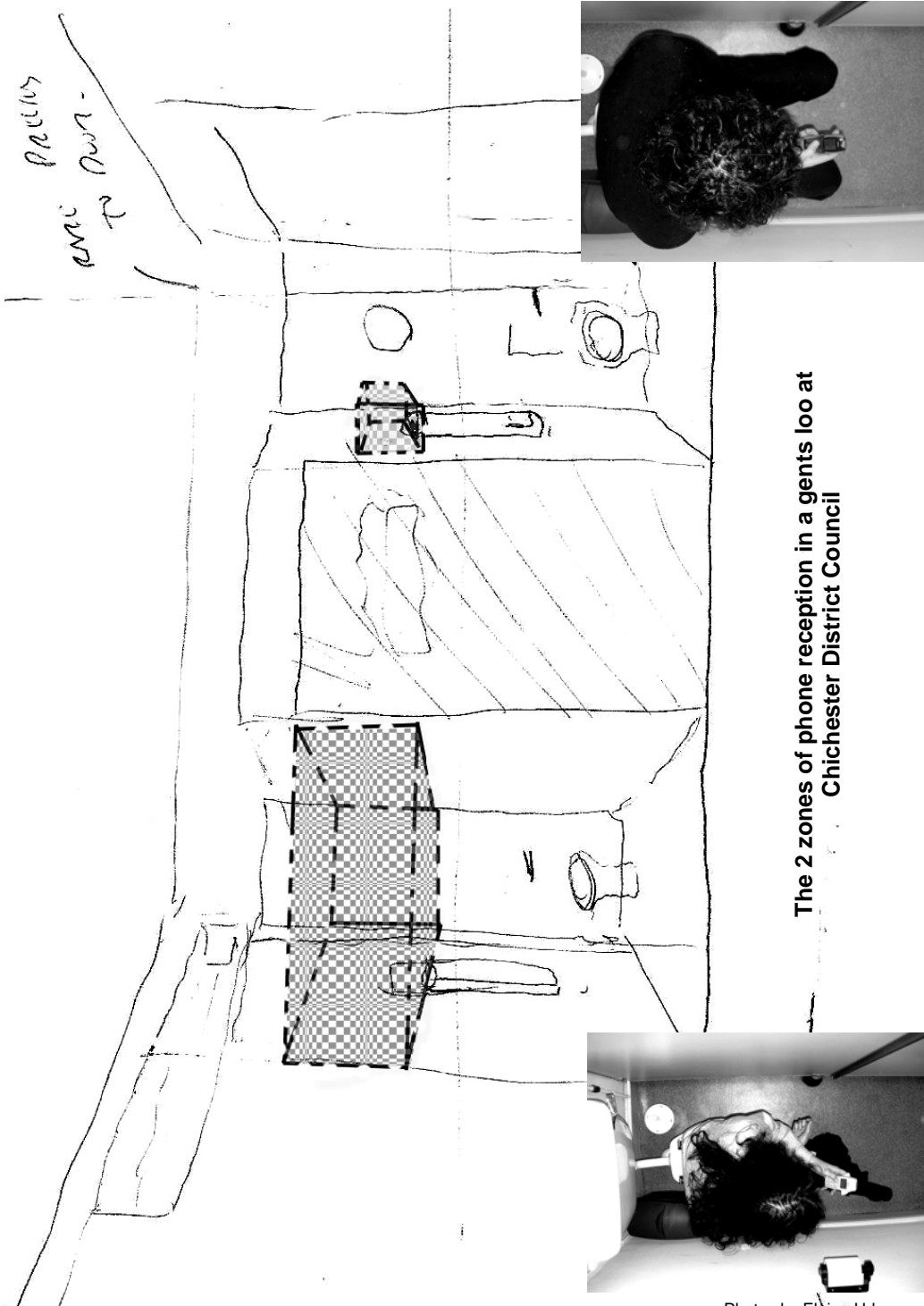
Notes from this editor,
The front cover was made after a spillage of wine on a draft sheet.
The longer this book has taken to put together, the less I have to write here.
There may be further editions of Anyone's Milk, at least 3 stomachs.
Maybe some cheese developments. Don't know.

Matt Redman

any questions? want to contact a contributor? or make a contribution to possible future books? contact...

milkeditor@yahoo.co.uk
07800739114





The 2 zones of phone reception in a gents loo at Chichester District Council



Photos by Elaine Udy

TIME YOU ON 'TIL?



<<<<

'Zebedee the cat'

This cat was made by Penny Rushton for her friend, Debbie Fowlers' 40th birthday 2004. Both work at the Inland Revenue in St.Austell and are self confessed cat-freaks. The 'Tax Cat' is currently touring in Jeremy Deller and Alan Kane's Folk Archive exhibition.

www.folkarchive.co.uk

from various corners of working



<<<<<<<<

The nanotechnologists in Chapel Hill, NC, USA and the nanotechnologist cartoonists.

One of the photographs submitted to the

sorryeverybody.com website

where a range of people from the USA photographed themselves with messages of apology in light of George W. Bush being re-elected in 2004.

Also published in 'The Sorry Everybody Book'.

ISBN: 1-59258-163-3.



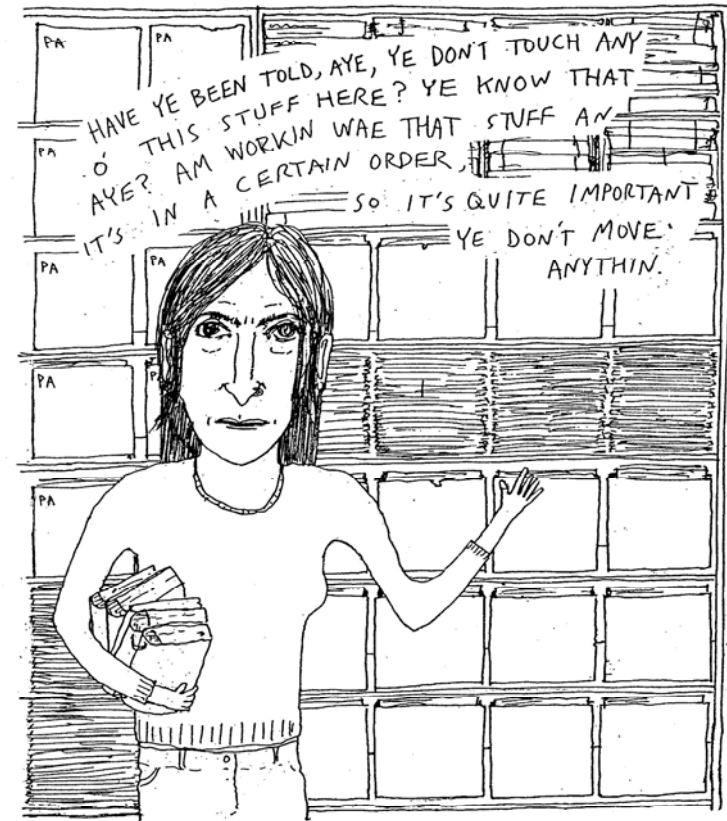
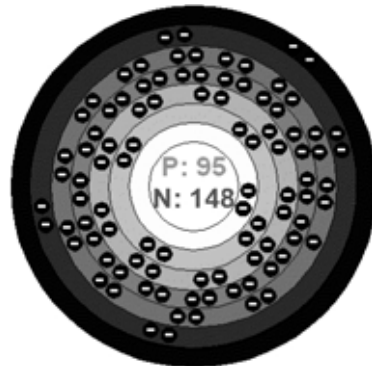
POETRY DEMANDS

THE INTRODUCTION OF PROGRESSIVE UNEMPLOYMENT
THROUGH COMPREHENSIVE MECHANIZATION OF EVERY FIELD OF ACTIVITY.
ONLY BY

UNEMPLOYMENT

DOES IT BECOME POSSIBLE FOR THE INDIVIDUAL TO ACHIEVE CERTAINTY
AS TO THE TRUTH OF LIFE
& FINALLY BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO EXPERIENCE;
FURTHER,
THE IMMEDIATE ABOLITION OF PROPERTY
& THE COMMUNAL FEEDING OF ALL,
THE ERECTION OF CITIES OF LIGHT, WILDNESS & 150,000 CIRCUSES
FOR THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF THE PROLETARIAT.

First printed by the Central Committee of the Dadaist Revolutionary Council of Berlin in 1919



She's another wan that jist fuckin breezes
in an oot. Gost the look ae a junky
shoot her tae, aye... She
says hello tae you right enough.
Aye... the big junky fancies you.



'DWP...always struck me as an exciting part of Government.'

60 seconds with Alan Johnson

Following Alan Johnson's appointment as Secretary of State in September, Am dropped in for a chat to find out how he's settling into his new role.

Q What were you doing when you were asked about your appointment and what was your initial reaction?

A I was playing dominoes. Personally I'd like to be a Downing Street doorkeeper, but I am not a pirate.

Q What was your first job and how would you describe your first boss?

A AN IRISH GANGSTER CALLED DECLAN WHO WAS ALSO A CHIEF.

Q How did you get involved in politics?

A Politics involved me. A bring about social change & explore alternative routes to state capitalism.

Q What football team do you support and why?

A SPARTAN DIVISION ALBERT GOODWIN

A IRISH GANGSTER

A CALLED DECLAN

A WHO WAS ALSO A CHIEF.

Q What are your views on the Efficiency Review?

A Aahh This is a very important topic. I think ~~that~~ thinking is just like not thinking - so I don't have to think any more. (Just play dominoes)

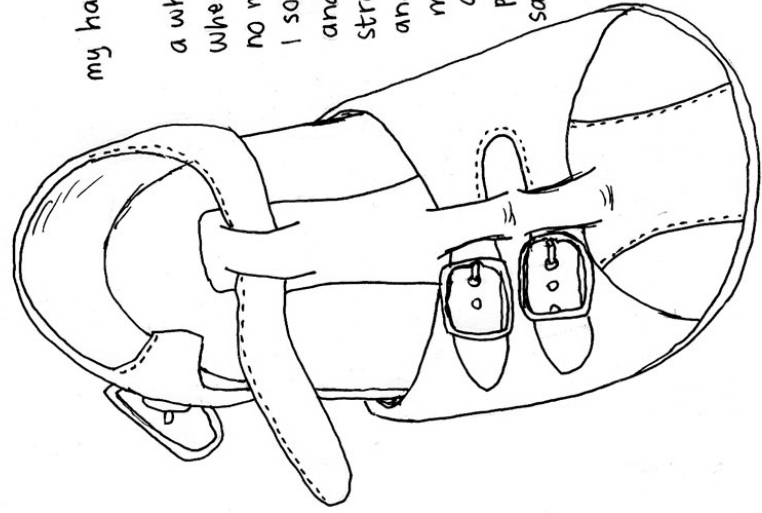
Q How did you get involved with the Union of Communication Workers (at the Post Office)?

A THIS DOESN'T INVOLVE ME SO I WILL TELL A SHORT STORY - I would have to tell of matters we left the PC ON! SHIT!

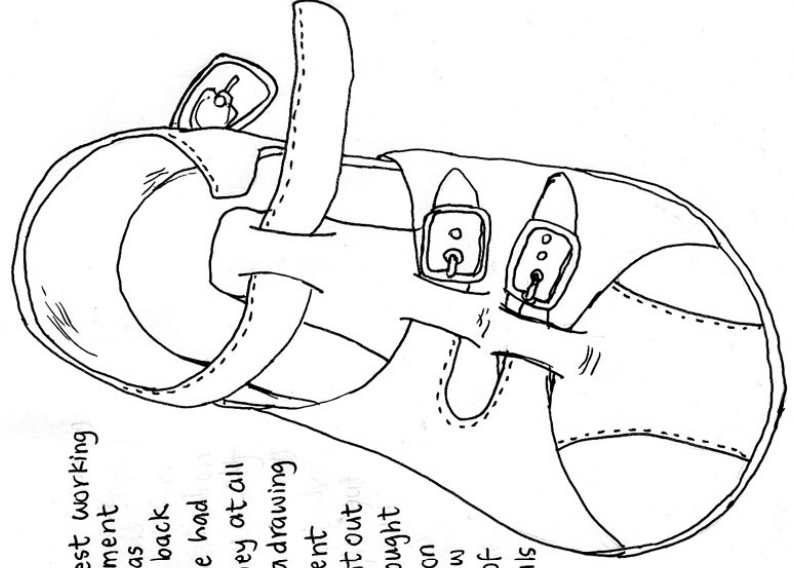
THEY WILL BE KNOCKING OUR DOOR DOWN FROM MINUTE TO PLANT LIES AND INCONVENIENT STATE APPARATUS. MCARMYISM IS MAKING ME BENT FINGERS AND I SOLD MY TOE TO MEDICAL SO I COULD PAY MY RENT, WATCH SQUIRRELS AND ROB MY MOTHER.

Q What have you enjoyed most in your role so far?

A As a politician I like to spend enormous amounts of tax payers money on ridiculous things like submarines, cracker programmes, I personally live to burn a wooden baby owl to the BUDENBURG OWL AS A SACRIFICE OF INNOCENCE FOR US CAPITALIST LIZZARDS TO DANCE AROUND AND FLECK, 8 YEAR OLD NASA SUMMER CAMP BRAINWASHED AMERICANS.



my happiest working moment was a while back when we had no money at all I sold a drawing and went straight out and bought my son a new pair of sandals





Temping Escapade #1: The Start of it All

I've been temping while in the process of looking for a permanent job. Temping keeps me financially stable while looking carefully for my "real" job, so I don't have any feelings of desperation such as, "Maybe I should take this crappy job because I need the money NOW!" I can relax, take in the sights, and relish in the variety of different types of companies and working environments I get exposed to.

As a temp en route to a new assignment, I never know what kind of environment I'm going to be working in, or exactly what the work will be. It's really all in the luck of the draw. Some jobs have been quite pleasant, while others have been downright miserable.



Imagine this scenario (I don't need to imagine it -- it was a reality for me): A supervisor leads me down a long hallway, to a remote area at the very back of the floor. I'm shown into this tiny room with no windows -- not much of anything else for that matter, except two workstations, each facing opposite sides of the walls. I see this one lone woman, with an enormous stack of invoices next to her, typing away at her computer. Before the supervisor leaves, he tells the woman to teach me the data entry process she's doing. The woman sits me down at the opposite computer terminal, and shows me how to enter the information from the seemingly endless stack of invoices into the company's database system.

Try as I might, couldn't stop myself - I started crying right then and there, as I was trying to type in the numbers.

I tried my best to listen and digest the instructions, but the situation was so dismal and depressing to me, I found my mind wandering to all these other thoughts than the task on hand: "This woman seems so nice. Is this really her life -- entering numbers, day after day, in this small, isolated room with no windows, while life outside passes her by?" and, "What has my life come to, so that I'm in this situation now? I can't do this... I just can't...."

feel the love

The One, the Only Shitty Tipper Database
Oh yeah, have we got a nasty STD. Revenge is a dish best served in a black pleather Amex folder.

Support bitterwaitress.com
Wear the Love

bitterwaitress

Submitted by: bitterwaitress
Location: New York
Restaurant: some place in the lower manhattan
want to find out about
The One, the Only Shitty Tipper Database
I've found the reason for the decline of capitalism. It's secret shoppers. Back in the old days when people were nice to you just because, and believed in the companies they worked for, workers were happy. But then Secret shoppers arose. And you got pulled in to your bosses office because he was sent a report that, on the day you had a fight with your wife/husband or a family member died, you didn't say have a nice day to this unknown and random person. Do companies really realize that the money they spend on secret shoppers, could have just as easily been put to use giving employees raises? Or spending the money to do other means of keeping employees happy? For the most part I love my job. But I hate being judged randomly. My hate for secret shoppers is right up there with meter maids and telemarketers. thoughts on the most noble of professions

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Location: Vancouver
Celebrity: Robin Williams
Restaurant: The Keg
My mom's a make-up artist in the film industry. While Robin Williams was in town filming "Jumanji" he cheated on his wife and had an affair with the head of the costume department. But I hear he's a big tipper so maybe that evens things out.

Location: New York
Celebrity: Jennifer Connelly, Uma Thurman
Restaurant: Starbuck's
The two are like night and day. Jennifer Connelly who believe it or not is even more beautiful in person than on film stopped by my Starbucks in jeans and a simple t shirt and ordered a latte. I asked her if she was indeed the very same Jennifer Connelly from "Career Opportunities," she laughed and said, "why of all the movies I've been in is that the one everyone remembers most? Anyway, she actually hung out for a bit chatting with the staff and signing autographs... very, very cool lady!!"

Uma Thurman on the other hand can't be bothered to even say good morning, thank you or even look up.

Location: New York
Celebrity: many celebrities
Restaurant: Louie's West Side Cafe (Upper West Side, Manhattan)
Jerry Stiller. Nicest person I've ever waited on and absolutely hysterically funny. Insisted I sit down at his table with him to chat and have coffee. Very good tipper.

Billy Baldwin & Chynna Phillips: Came in nearly every weekend for brunch. Nice people. Average tipper.

Treat Williams: Rude asshole with obnoxious children who ran me ragged and didn't tip very well.

Nick Carter: He and his posse were very loud, but nice and tipped well. He loves cupcakes... (and many baskets with a large group of friends and family. Everyone very friendly and tipped well.)

Richard Dreyfus: Very nonchalant and almost didn't speak at all. Never asked for anything extra. Average tipper.

Location: New York
Celebrity: Uma Thurman
Restaurant: Starbuck's
Despite someone else's Uma at Starbucks experience..... here's mine. I was adding milk to my coffee and someone asks me for the cream. I grab it and hand it over. There she was with a smile on her face. Like a star struck idiot I said... "Uma?"

And in a perfectly Uma moment... she extends her hand and says "Thurman" with a sly smile. JUST LIKE IN THE MOVIES.

It was awesome.

She really is beautiful.

....Because Hell is Other People

September 16, 2004

(f)unemployment

I decided to have a new motto: I will now be the girl who put the "fun" in unemployment. I was so pleased with my cleverness, that I should've known it wouldn't last. So, here are the updates, in chronological order:

1. I booked a flight to Cape Cod
2. I found a great concert at the Kennedy Center. BTW - can I sucker any of you into going to see Joshua Bell with me?
3. I talked a friend of mine into going to trapeze school
4. I resolved to go see the new Smithsonian museum with my unemployment buddy.
5. I got a job of sorts.

So, the work won't actually prevent me from doing any of that stuff, but I felt like I was on a roll. Since I won't have a 24/7 leisure schedule, I'm gonna have to scale back a bit. Still, I'd rather be working, cuz I'm a dork like that. Plus, it's a mighty sweet deal, with flexible hours and flexible commitment length. Back to the old company and to my former bosses (who rock) to do some negotiating as an independent contractor until Bar results come in and I can decide my next step. And off to St. Louis to cavort with nephrologists. The conference is over Halloween, and I suggested the staff should wear kidney stone costumes, but I was shot down. So, now I have to buy khakis and wear a polo shirt with a logo on it. I'd rather dress like a kidney stone.

And with that, she ended with little fanfare.

The end.

Posted by karen at September 16, 2004 09:27 PM

No Exit

October 11, 2004

(F)unemployment Update

Since I have left the ranks of the (f)unemployed to become one of the many employed-ish, I thought I'd see how I did on the whole (f)unemployment goals/accomplishments thing.

1. I booked a flight to Cape Cod -- Indeed I did. And then I went. And it was fun. I count this entry as successful.
2. I found a great concert at the Kennedy Center. BTW - can I sucker any of you into going to see Joshua Bell with me? Indeed I did. Okay, maybe "suckered" isn't really the word. But I got to go. And it was fun. More success.
3. I talked a friend of mine into going to trapeze school.....but we still haven't gone, and now the race is on to get there before they close down for the winter. This entry may be ready for a substitution. Out with the trapeze and in with the snowboard?
4. I resolved to go see the new Smithsonian museum with my unemployment buddy. This has been an utter failure. Not only because I haven't gone, but because now I'm not really interested in going, since 6 squillion people have had the same comment: "The building is really cool, but the exhibits kinda suck." The first person who told me this was my unemployment buddy. Note to self: when making resolutions that involve others, check with them, first.
5. I got a job of sorts. Indeed I did, and I'm really glad I put that whole "of sorts" caveat in there.

I do have a few new short-term goals. Okay, I have one: "Stay distracted." Oh, and "don't puke." That's two, which is about all I can handle, now, I think. "Get that pained look off your face" might be a good one to add, but I need to be realistic. Still, as my mom always says, "It's good to have goals."

Indeed.

Posted by karen at October 11, 2004 12:43 PM

KAREN



I started to get upset and overcome with emotion. (Certain situations break my spirit, and this was one of them.) Try as I might, couldn't stop myself -- I started crying right then and there, as I was trying to type in the numbers. The woman saw my distress, and put her hand gently on my back. Then in a quiet, kind, and reassuring voice, she said, "It's OK. I know it seems hard at first, but you'll get it. At first I didn't understand, but then I learned how it's done." I knew she was trying to help, but her little pep talk didn't make me feel any better. I didn't care about not understanding the data entry system -- it was the whole working situation that was affecting me.

When my crying ceased, and I was somewhat composed, I went into the bathroom and splashed cold water on my face. I also took many deep breaths. When I saw myself in the bathroom mirror, I looked like hell. (Mr. DeMille, I'm NOT ready for my close-up!) I came back red-faced, but firm in my decision that I had to, and was going to get out of this place. I told the supervisor I was sorry, but I was the wrong person for the job. They didn't know why I was so upset, but thankfully, they allowed me to leave without an interrogation.

Maybe in a past life I was tortured with data entry. Maybe it's a mental block. I don't know, and I don't want to find out what happens if I'm mistakenly given a data entry job again!

That was one miserable experience, and while we're on the topic, here's another: Well, actually, this one wasn't miserable -- it was just not any fun AT ALL. One morning, while working in the human resources department of a bank, I proceeded to eat an apple at around eleven o'clock. The woman I was working for (who, if I may say so, definitely had a stick up her ass), saw me eating my apple,

and curtly said to me, "I don't want any eating at your desk." C'mon, everyone snacks at their desks at one time or another!

Rebelling against what I deemed to be an unjust rule, the next day I hid some sliced fruit on a plate in my desk drawer and sneaked pieces of it when she wasn't looking. But wouldn't you know it, she happened to need something from that very drawer. She went over to the drawer and opened it up before I had a chance to do anything. To her ghastly surprise, she saw my fruit. I was snagged -- caught in the act like a common criminal. Damn! "I told you there is no eating at your desk! This is non-negotiable!" she barked at me, thoroughly enjoying it I'm sure. From then on, I had to quickly eat my snack in the kitchen. Good thing it was only a temp job.

On the lighter side, one of the exciting parts about temping (aside from the new stuff you learn and the people you meet) is getting to open up the office mail. "Is she crazy?" you must be asking yourself. Oh, no, I'm not -- I have a reason. The reason I like opening up the mail is because then I get to confiscate -- and later reuse -- all of the unstamped stamps I come upon. As incredulous as this may sound, I've found SEVEN unstamped stamps in a mere two days from the job I'm temping at now. And I'll be here for three more weeks... imagine the possibilities! I've really hit the unstamped stamp mother lode at this job. Another plus is that I get to work in the cool Flatiron Building. Not too shabby.

What's next around the bend? Hopefully, finding a permanent job. But until then, it's the uncharted territory of temp jobs for me.

I temped that one awful day in the "tiny room" in February '96; at the "bank job" in August '96, and I started working at the Flatiron job in September '96.

I wrote this story in October, 1996

I've really hit the unstamped stamp mother lode at this job.



Hi I am trying to learn how to use the computer and it is very difficult. First of all I must try to get use to the tipping and where all the Letters are found on key board. Now I am going to see if I can save the little bit of writing I have done.

Evan using a book does not really help much. Trying to find out how things work is damn near impossible. So the thing to do is to keep trying. Now I am going to try and save this pathetic bit of writing.

Finally I have been able to get the stupid line thing to start at the right place

The big problem is that the stupid line thing will not allow me to start writing in the correct place. I fell like throwing the bloody thing into the pond. Why the Will the line not start in the write place.

I might have got this stick thing to go to the right place. At the time is in the right place.

I have a to learn one hell of a lot. But it will take time. Still trying but what a lot to learn just keep trying. Leaning this thing will only take time. Now what is happening. Have I managed to get the gist of this thing. THE SCREEN JUDDERS IS THAT NORMAL ? The fire wall and the vires thing how long will that last.

A Day
in the Life of David Andersons
Extracts from his Diary

- 08:00-08:30 wake up with a semi.
- 08:30-09:00 wank and back to sleep.
- 09:00-09:30 sleep
- 09:30-11:00 sleep
- 11:00-11:30 sleep
- 11:30-12:30 miss Meeting with out caring
- 12:30-13:00 sleep
- 13:00-14:00 wake up, hungry, bowl of cheerios in bed.
- 14:00-15:15 murder she wrote
- 15:15-16:00 crap kids tv, i'm bored but i don't want to do anything.
- 16:00-18:00 Travel to and fro between the empty fridge and the sofa
- 18:00-21:00 i am barely alive as i watch evening television.



60 Seconds with...

David Andersons
Am caught up with the Chief Executive of Jobcentre Plus

Q What have been the highlights of your job so far?

A You have talked about making Jobcentre Plus a more modern and customer-focused organisation. How do you see this affecting staff and customers?

A they'll become more modern and customer-focused so long as all goes to plan.

Q You have studied at Harvard Business School. How valuable was that experience and do you believe that business acumen is something that can be taught?

A reports of my having studied at Harvard business school have been greatly exaggerated. Something that can be caught, like a nasty infection.

Q Where does your enthusiasm for the environment and regenerating local communities come from?

A god, I think. either that or boredom and confusion

Q How are you adjusting to London life?

A I'm not sure if I am. I have one voice saying 'good job son, you're in a good position' and another saying 'no I'm not, I'm unhappy and completely unfulfilled.'

Q What football team do you support and why?

A bromwich albion cos i'm a person's person. sometimes i go as far as being a person's person's person.

Q As a keen sailor what's been your greatest experience at sea?

A surfing waves in a pedalo and getting shouted at by the local folk.

That Showed Em!

Q With experience in both the private and public sectors, what would you say are the advantages and disadvantages of working in both?

A well, money is the only advantage there's more of it in the private sector, but it's easier to get in the public sector.

Q What were your early experiences of work and what did they teach you?

A shit unenjoyable jobs. you are encouraged to look at it in this way: got to do em, everyone does em, get used to it, life is shit.

Aye, she seems no bad that supervisor.
 Nice wummin, aye.
 Bit ae a shag aswell, wonder whit
 aye she is. Aye...
 Ah'll needtae go hame the
 night an ride the
 wife thinkin about
 her, fuck sake.



Master Fujitsu's scanning proverbs:



A scanner's flatbed is his castle.

All scans lead to indexing.

A pl-action a day, keeps the scanner awake.

All multifeed and no flatbed makes a sorry index.

Don't count your plans until they are indexed.

Rubber bands bring more scans.

Indexing killed the scanner.

All's scanned that ends stamped.

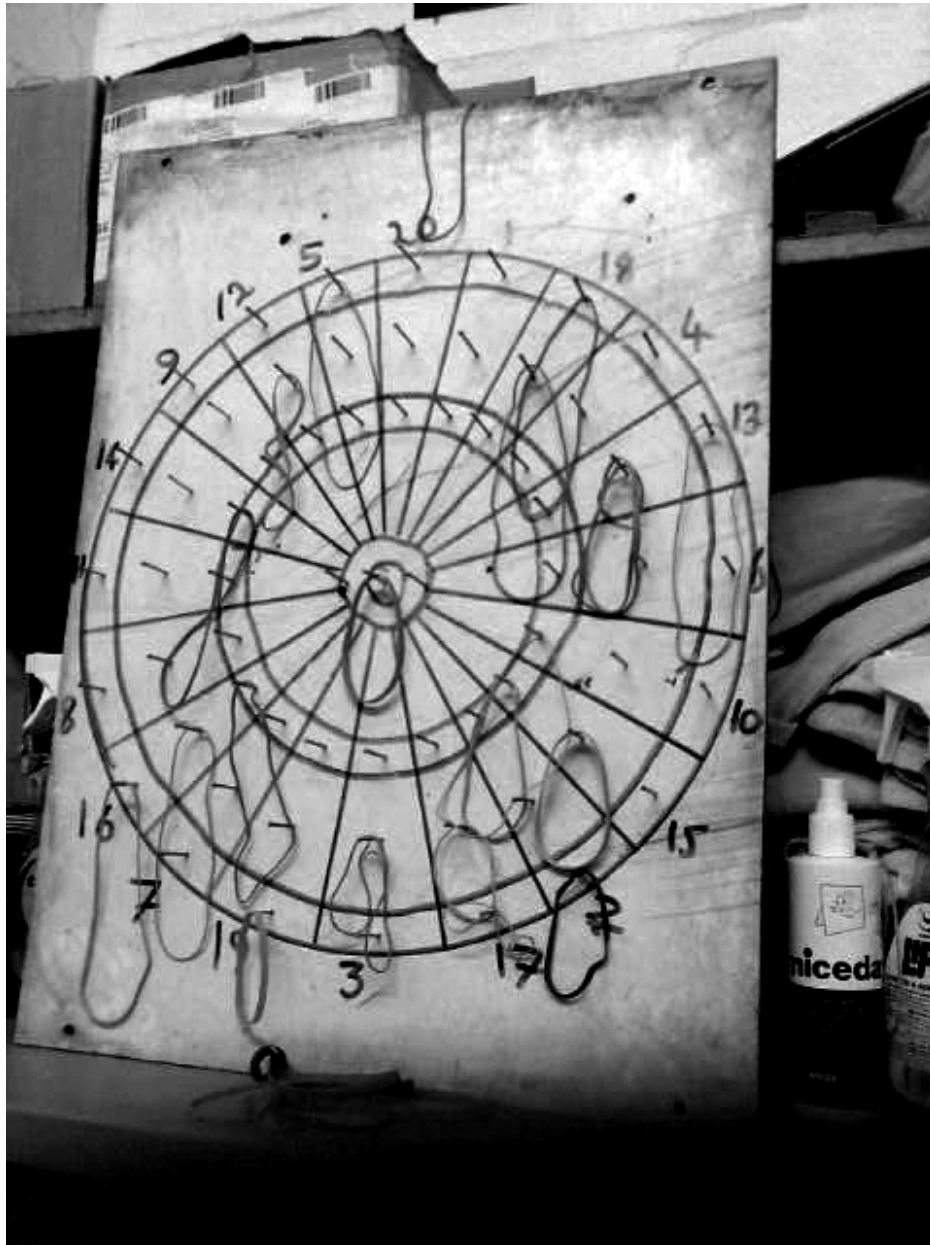
Scans of a feather multifeed together.

You scanned your document, now index it.

You can't tell a plan from its batch-name.

A plan in the flatbed is worth two jammed in the feeder.

An un-scanned plan gathers no stamps.



Subject: use of staples in grids & pouches

Sent to all sites via bcc

Please be reminded that the use of staples in grids, envelopes and pouches constitutes a health and safety hazard.

Haden employees should be aware of this hazard, but it is possible that our client is responsible for most of these incidents.

If OSAs collect a grid, envelope, or pouch with staples in then, if possible, it should be returned to the originator explaining why it is being returned.

Regards

Wishing You a
MERRY CHRISTMAS
and a
HAPPY NEW YEAR
from
all the staff at

AC 1 Recruitment

With
Season's Greetings
and
Best Wishes for the
New Year

from

CASCADE SPRINGS
WATER Co. LTD



These items are all scans of ACTUAL material found in the workplace.

(left&above)-Corporate x-mas card's
(top)- memo circular for admin staff
(right)- expensive/glossy/colour leaf-lets given to all JCP+ staff in the U.K.
(below)-email tips photoon for Inland Revenue staff

A wake up call?



Your individual guide to balancing
work and life responsibilities

jobcentreplus
Including Jobcentres and
social security offices

non-MODIFIED SHOCK 2!

emailtips

No.1 Managing your Inbox



For advice on how to manage your inbox see the Information Resources Intranet site

BANDITS

nina manandhar

&

nendie pinto-duschinsky

Cultural Workers are the new Bandits; Or can be...

smile greet help thank, life begins when work stops

The shop girls and boys they look towards the night for the day is anathema.

The historic bandits are figures doused in myth dragged out to advertise anything from cereal to cigarettes. Think Rob Roy on porridge oats and Wheatabix for England's finest Sherwood boy, but what commands our return to these figures is more than just nostalgia, they are enduring symbols of the human desire for justice.

Author, Eric Hobsbawm defines bandits as pre-capitalist, pre-political figures born of traditional peasant societies, The bandit was no more than the man who refused to bend his back. His solutions were fantastic but futile. He was neither revolutionary or reformer. The bandit could not change society, he could only seek justice on a small scale. What we might today call micro justice. He was the original local hero. He proved that poor men need not remain meek. In banditry lay the seeds of organised political movements.

Today is affluent tern societies, with organised politics and ideology on the decline, can we see the emergence of what resembles the bandit servant structure of pre-political times.

The days of defined groups are over. We are now looking at hundreds if not thousands of freelance operators.



With the rise of self employment and an ever expanding bedroom empire, the freelance worker can seemingly avoid the scrutiny of the boss by being their own. But work is social you only have to watch the office to see this. During the day the virtual workspace replaces the physical one, but this does not mean it is without a sense of solitude.

Today 46% of self employed people work over the UK average of 45 hours per week.

Nowadays the opportunity to pursue creative talent has moved into work time, perhaps this means hobby time does not exist any more? But this snipet of self expression, like everything else these days, is part time and often short-lived.

My powers against them half useless my senses alive have a party.

As young people we can and will make our own histories but not necessarily under the circumstances of our choosing. Power remains centralised in the hands of large companies who seek to govern without real consent. They turn public space into exclusive space, while we play for control at the edges. We seek revenge, seek to make our own histories, through culture time. But can any creative independence be squeezed out when culture is merely a mechanism for profit?

So is this the most ideal time there ever was? So much time to exercise creative minds. From film producers like Ken Loach to producers like the Neptune's, Cultural workers are the new bandits. Cultural work feels less like servitude, less like the game of master and servant because there is a communal investment in its process and product. Why should life begin when work stops? Culture is where work and life can meet.

This article first appeared in an early edition of Hardcore Is More Than Music.

www.hardcoreismorethanmusic.com

I WAS A TEENAGE TELEPHONE-CANVASSER. I SINGLE-HANDEDLY RESCUED ANGLIAN HOME IMPROVEMENTS ON THE ISLE OF WIGHT, THEN MOVED INTO INSURANCE. IN BOTH JOBS I TRIED THE PATIENCE OF SAINTS. THE TELEPHONE-PREFERENCE SERVICE IS A TOTAL CROCK OF SHIT. IT WASN'T MY FAULT, MRS HIGGINS... HONEST. h. Elliott @ FMT Ltd + Anglian



Laurence Elliott

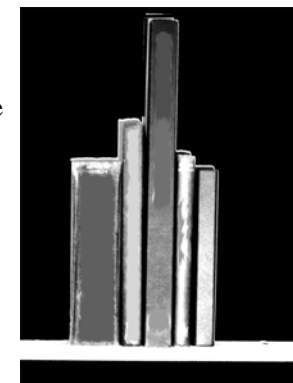
nameless shame

Am

00:14



Two pm arrives quickly and my boss upon prompting tells me of his victory or loss from his previous evenings bowling adventure. I feign interest and try hard to show enthusiasm upon my face for what he has to tell. A nail-biting match, a massacre or simply a defeat, his emotional delivery appears to me to be the same regardless of the result.



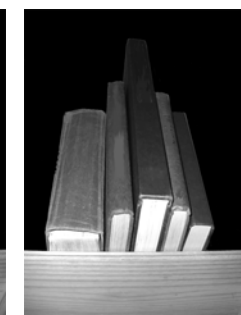
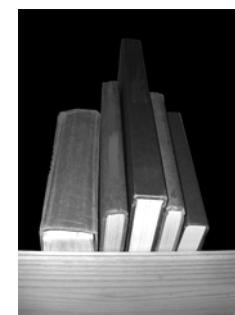
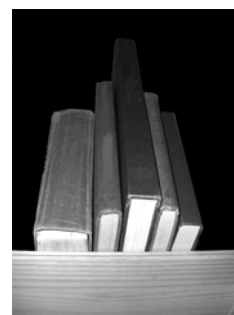
Pages turn and words absorbed whilst his mother who arrives on a daily basis, due to lack any real meaning in her life at the age of eighty, interrupts my reading with the same tabloid read stories she consumes and regurgitates to me. I smile and show necessary respect deserving of a person her age.

3:30 pm time to cash-up and my chance to temporarily escape the store once said task is complete. My boss finishes the paperwork requisite for banking of the days takings, for which through-out the day he at regular intervals takes readings of financial progress good or bad from the antiquated electronic cash register.

Walking again headphones jammed into my ears, sweet music pumping, deliver me to the bank line, Sunglasses make me look incognito a perspective heist man for the staff to fear, or so I imagine. I dawdle my return to the store knowing that my working day is almost at a close.

Removing the charity boxes and bundling up parking vouchers to be deposited inside the stores safe I am certainly ready for my first cigarette and pint of beer. My boss confirms his venue for play on this evenings bowling calendar. I wish him success with words of "knock 'em dead" and once again attach earphones to my head. Here is the evening, my evening and my moment to throw off the days banality.

Work is a four letter word five days a week, Monday to Friday two days of freedom and back once more over and over and over again. There is no profound meaning, no meaning at all, just a fractured continuum a means to an end, I'm no innocent and fate has led me to this place, my fortune is arrested my desire suspended, all expectations are born to formulation.



Work is a Four Letter Word

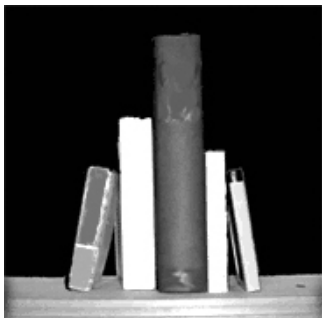
Tim Rivers

My work day begins at precisely 12:20 pm. I have bathed and preened myself until I feel confident to face my public. I place earphones into both ears, click my CD Walkman and wait just five seconds for the player to select my track of choice for this given day. Stepping outside my front door I face the world, the city awaits me and all the people I will greet and cajole into parting with their money to justify my placement within retail.

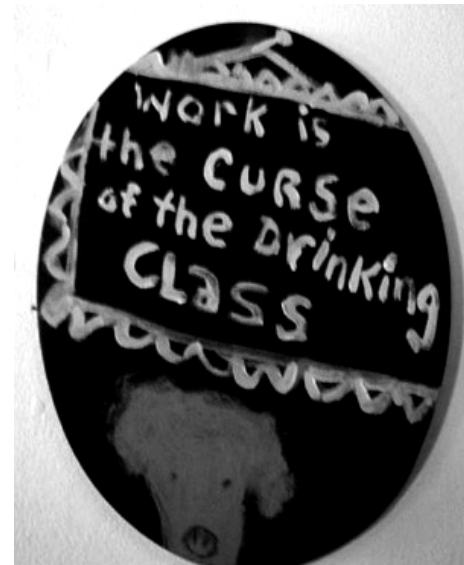
I spend my working time at a rundown stationary store, which it seems to me is in constant danger of going broke. My boss is a timid man, excessive balding with a severe complexion brought on by a poor diet and lack of exercise. He like myself is a gentle man a man for whom life has passed by imperceptibly, but he has a passion a passion for rolling a ball in competitive pursuit of his own recognition, via the gentile sport of bowling.

I arrive at 12:30 pm. My CD player has provided an epiphany of melodic solace, from which I force myself to end when I press the stop button and bid my fellow work colleagues a good day. I like to make a charismatic entrance with a fluid movement of both my hands in a circular motion as if I were greeting a sophisticate like minded soul mate, left hand circles left, right hand circles right. In my mind a holistic double hand movement which pacifies and draws a smile from said work mates.

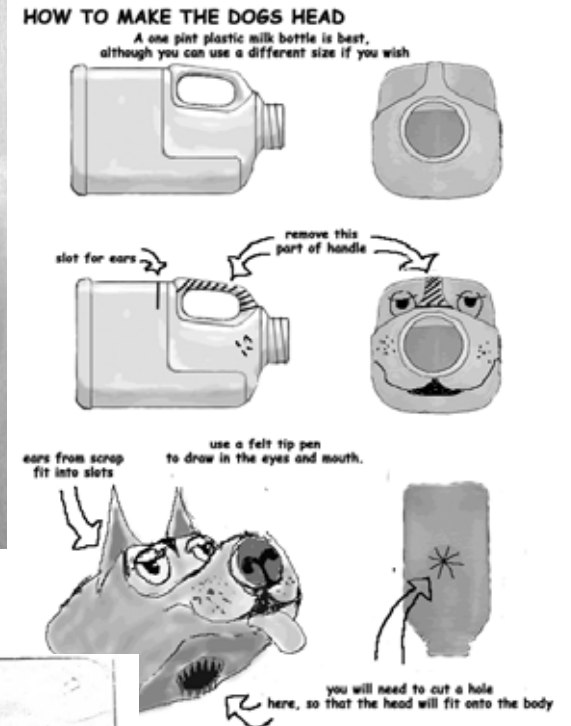
My first hour on the job involves careful listening and reinforcing of my female colleagues insecurities which range from social concerns to views on this towns ups and downs. We don't like each other, but somehow my charm and eloquence circumnavigates all her personal prejudices. We are not from the same world, but share this earthly plane and just about tolerate each others idiosyncrasies. I despise her racism, she despises my open mindedness to all that is alien to her.



My first hour ends; with my female wig wearing (due to alleged HRT hair loss) colleague leaving, to catch her bus home in order, as she almost daily informs me, to feed her pampered pooch. Now is my first real opportunity to delve within the covers of my current literary book I have selected for my minds freedom from the confines of these shop walls.



Above: Photo found in the website gallery of band, Tortoise; based on an Oscar Wilde quote.
Right: instructions found somewhere to build a dogs head out of a 1 pint milk container.



Orange Postman by Jason Walker



A library swap-shop in the workplace

TO: Matt Redman
☒ URGENT ☐ For Info
 From: Elkon John
 Phone: Says you got number.
☐ Please call ☒ Wants to see you (in Private)
 Asked if you was up for another session. Said he has left the backdoor keys under the plant.

TO: Matt Redman
☐ URGENT ☐ For Info
 From: Mari Rhodes, BM Bodrum
 Phone: 9222
☐ Please call ☐ Wants to see you
 Phone call from business manager of Bodrum Job Centre. Said they received a black curly hair through the post. DNA tests proved it to be yours, said they are going to sue you for sexual harassment.

TO: Matt Redman
☒ URGENT ☒ For Info
 From: MIS
 Phone: 999. Emergency Services.
☐ Please call ☐ Wants to see you
 Forget to give you this message this morning sorry, hope not to important.

TO: Matt Redman
☐ URGENT ☒ For Info
 From: Tristan Shand
 Phone: 01726 294000
☐ Please call ☐ Wants to see you
 This cup was found left at the Switchboard desk. Fingerprint of Salva have proven it to belong to yourself. This is a health and safety hazard. Had someone accidentally drank from this cup, the results could be fatal.

TO: Matt Redman
☐ URGENT ☒ For Info
 From: The restless dead
 Phone: Something phoned this morning, not sure what it was, made a hideous gurgling sound like someone's vocal cords being dipped in soup. Transferred call to longrange line, but came back as recall. This time answered by the high pitch wailing of the souls of the damned. Said they were to 'tear out your intestines' I told them you was at lunch.
 Date 9/12/04 Time 11:26
 Operator Tris

He then phoned another worker and was moaning about it to them, the other worker then phoned my work colleague and slagged him off. He talks behind peoples back constantly. Held of him, I was not in a position to help for advice. Uses foul language during text messages and phone calls.

The manager phoned me and alone in many times I've phoned his phone for advice and his phone is switched off. He told me that if I can't get hold of him, I was to phone my training work colleague, sometimes he was stumped about what to do. He made me feel isolated and alone in my inexperience in the job.

Left numerous messages for him to contact me regarding issues, he never did. Told him repeatedly I have no CRC cards he told me he couldn't do anything about it, I was to just CRC a customer without putting a card through. Told me to use my hand-held at all occasions, then on occasion he would say use the work-sheets.

One week he told me not to bother with the hand-held just the work-sheets. 2 days later I was in a conversation with a customer and my phone rings, it was him ranting and raving about why I wasn't using my hand-held, I had to excuse myself from the customer, went back to the van, where we had a heated conversation. I told him that he was confusing me, he wanted me to do one thing, then another at times I didn't know whether I was coming or going, he then proceeded to phone other workers and moan and groan about me. Told him my pump wasn't working, he said he would sort it out, that was long ago.

Just prior to my departure from the company, he went on holiday, three days later I received a phone call from head office telling me I was in an illegal van, that it's M.O.T had run out, it was un-roadworthy, I was instructed to get it off the roads immediately and find an M.O.T station. I lost 2 days work through the incompetence of hindsight by my manager Robert English.

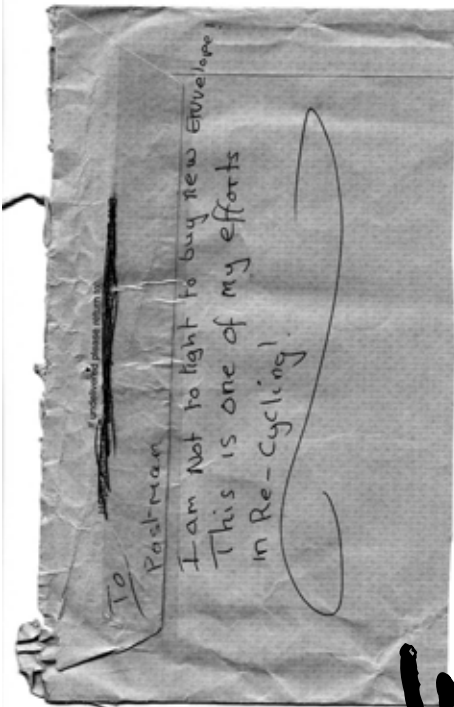
Constantly blames anybody or anything for all his faults if its not Scottish Water its H2O Head Office. Never blames himself.

Had paperwork Thursday, telling me that the work sheets were good, asked him to post them A.S.A.P, he said he was posting them right now.

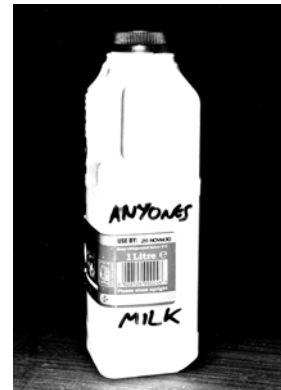
Spoke to him at 9.00AM Tuesday morning he told me that he posted them on Friday. Sent him a message Wednesday night as had a completed book, told him that I hadn't received my work sheets and I didn't believe he had sent them out. He left a message which I have still got ranting and swearing. *message which I have still got ranting and swearing* I then received a text message where he is blaming post office for delayed post.

Praises you on a Friday, on the Monday he is ranting & complaining you are behind schedule.

When I was training he called me up, the weather was bad (snow), telling me to take it easy, this was not a numbers game, 30 mins later he phoned my work colleague ranting and raving 'cause we only read 29 meters the day before, my colleague reminded him that we lost half a days work the day before, 'cause we had to load up a hand-held, which Robert knew about and told him to do.



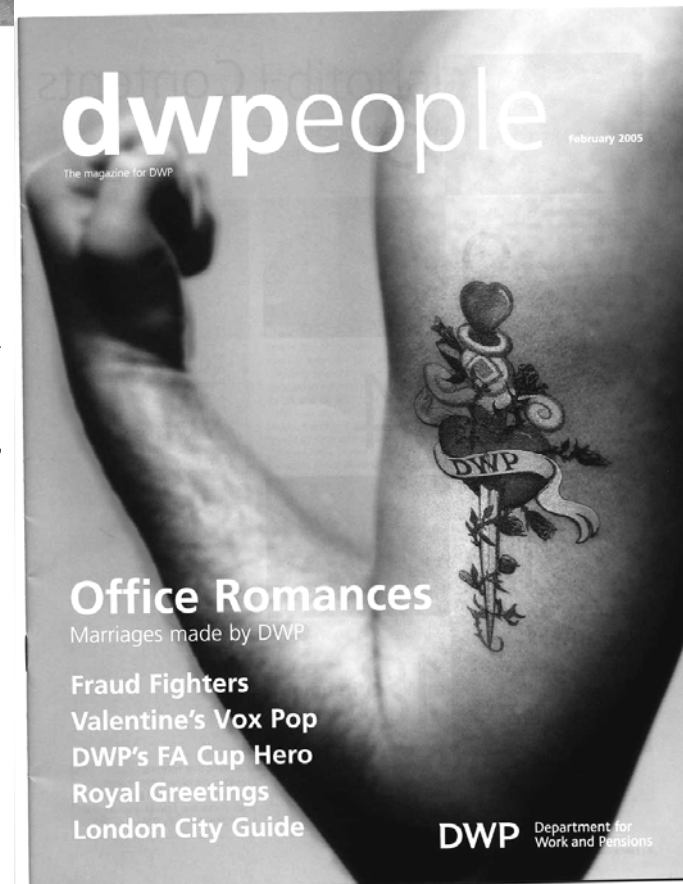
Gary McEwan



This is a direct scan of an actual magazine distributed to all staff at the Department Of Work and Pensions. The cover feature is intended to celebrate with Valentines Day. It features a gripping article about benefit fraud. The magazines like these are produced for all staff in full A4 gloss, hi-resolution colour at about 25 pages length.



non-MODIFIED
SHOCK!





A couple of years back I was working nights at one of the biggest office paper mills in Europe. I was working for a mid-size industrial service firm, working with high pressure water-jet blasting and vacuum suction. The work was concentrated to the production stop periods at different industries around the country.

It was commonly known among my colleagues that this was one of the best paid jobs you could get if you had little or no education. The hourly salary was itself not very good but due to the long working days (+12 hrs) and the long periods (up to 30 days) without leave the monthly outcome could be up to 3500 GBP. There was also an additional 6 percent high risk bonus to compensate the potential danger of working, for example, with the high pressure equipment.

One night we got held up waiting for the temperature of one of the vapour furnace units to drop so that we could safely enter it and start our work. The cooling process took the better part of the night and we ended up in the factory workshop where the coffee machines were placed.

During the wait the main topic of discussion was the merging of our firm with the much bigger multinational company that was just realized. One of my colleagues, Padde, who was the machinist at one of the pressure pumps related this merge to the recent transition of basket mega star Shaquille O'Neal, and he made a crack on how the corporate takeover of our firm was the industrial equivalent to the basketball draft. He then started turning the numbers on the drafting fee of O'Neal. A good hour later Padde finally came to the conclusion that we would have had to work 12hr nights without one single day off since 18950 BC (quite roughly the highpoint of our most recent ice age here in Scandinavia) to gain the same amount of money as O'Neal just had gotten.

As it turned out the merge with us did however not change anything salary-wise, but a few months later the high risk bonus, as a general rule was cut, and for the rare times it still kicked in it had silently changed name to "special bonus" excluding the troublesome reminder of the fact that risking your life and health at work was worth a 6 percent bonus, occasionally.

